

*The history*

*Troy.* A hatefull truth.

*Cres.* What and from *Troilus* to?

*Troy.* From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

*Cres.* Is't possible?

*Troy.* And suddenly, where iniury of chance  
Puts back, leaue taking, iustles roughly by:  
All time of pause: rudely beguiles our lippes:  
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents  
Our lock't embrasures, strangles our dere vowes,  
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath:  
We two that with so many thousand sighes,  
Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selues:  
With the rude breuity, and discharge of one,  
Iniurious time now with a robbers hast,  
Crams his ritch theeury vp hee knowes not how.  
As many farewells as be starres in heauen.  
With distinct breath, and consigned kisses to them,  
He fumbles vp into a loose adewe:  
And skants vs with a single famisht kisse,  
Distasted with the salt of broken teates.

*Aeneas within.* My Lord is the Lady ready?

*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd, some say the *Genius*  
Cries so to him that instantly must die,  
Bid them haue patience she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my teares raine to lay this winde, or my  
heart wilbe blowne vp by my throate.

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians.

*Troy.* No remedy?

*Cres.* A wefull *Cressid*'mongst the merry Greekes,  
When shall we see againe.

*Troy.* Here mee loue? be thou but true of heart.

*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deme is this?

*Troy.* Nay we must vse expostulation kindly,  
For it is parting from vs.

I speake not be thou true as fearing thee.  
For I will throw my gloue to deat himselfe,  
That there is no maculation in thy heart:  
But bee thou true say I to fashion in,

My

*of Troilus and Cressida*

My sequent protestation, bee thou true.

*Cres.* Oh you shalbe expos'd.

As infinite as imminent: but I will not.

*Troy.* And ile grow friend with you.

*Cres.* And you this gloue, which I will not.

*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecians.

To giue thee nightly visitation.

*Cres.* Oh heauens be true againe.

*Troy.* Here why I speake it loue.

The Grecian youths are full of craft.

And swelling ore with arts and guiles.

How nouelty may moue, and passion.

Alas a kinde of Godly iealousie.

(Which I beseech you call a vertue.)

Makes me a feard.

*Cres.* Oh heauens you loue me.

*Troy.* Die I a villaine then,

In this I do not call your faith in doubt.

So mainely as my merit. I cannot.

Nor heele the high lauolt, nor the

Nor play at subtil games, faire

To which the Grecians are most

But I can tell that in each grace

There lurkes a still, and dumb

That tempts most cunningly, but

*Cres.* Do you thinke I will?

*Troy.* No, but something may

And sometimes we are diuells to

When we will tempt the frailty

Presuming on their changefull

*Eneas within.* Nay good my Lord

*Troy.* Come kisse, and let vs part

*Paris within.* Brother *Troilus*?

*Troy.* Good brother come you

And bring *Eneas* and the Grecians

*Cres.* My Lord will you be true

*Troy.* Who I, alas it is my vice, not

Whiles others fish with craft for